

The New-York Weekly Magazine; OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MORNING REFLECTIONS.

IN one of my rambles I saw a collection of people, some appeared highly elated, while others in stupid indifference were not the least affected; I advanced, and found two boys fighting; in attempting to part them, I had nearly got myself in the same predicament, from a motley bullying fellow, whose feelings, if he was possessed of any, were more becoming a tyger than a human being. Those who were before mute, appeared delighted in the prospect of another scene of brutality, expecting that we would decide our dispute with blows; I plainly saw that the most prudent step for me, would be to leave them as peaceable as possible in possession of the field.

From what source these barbarous dispositions spring, and how they can exist in a country where information is so easily attained, would, to a foreigner, appear a mystery; every child of nature has a vacancy in their understandings to be filled up, and why it should not be stored with rational humanity, let parents judge. Slaves from dejection become callous, hence barbarous sports are congenial with their minds, in proportion to the severe treatment they receive from their masters.

How degraded is that master who neglects to inculcate moral principles into his slave, and how much more wretched are parents who attend not to the improvement of their own children; too many instances of such omissions momentarily occur; a parent who entertains a child with a bull-beat, fixes a supposition in the tender mind that the creation was formed only for caprice, and is verified in their tormenting domestic animals; with years the feelings naturally become hardened, and the youth thus brought up, only waits an opportunity to leave off all restraint. This is plainly evinced in war, when the law is suspended, murders and robbery become fashionable, and those very men who were peaceable inhabitants, with exultation take the lives of strangers whom they have never seen, and by whom they have never been injured.

NEW-YORK, July 1, 1796.

T.

DESCRIPTION of the famous SALT MINES at WILLISKA in POLAND.

THERE are mines of salt in Hungary, Catalonia, and many other parts of Europe, but the greatest in the world is that at Williska in Poland, from which a great part of the continent is supplied. Williska is a small town not far from Cracow, and the mine has been worked ever since the year 1251, when it was accidentally found in digging for a well. There are eight openings or descents into this mine, six in the field, and two in the town itself, which are most used for letting down the workmen, and taking up the salt; the others being mostly used for letting in wood and necessaries.

The openings are five square, and about four feet wide; they are lined throughout with timber, and at the top of each there is a large wheel with a rope as thick as a cable, by which things are let down and drawn up: it is worked by a horse. When a stranger has a curiosity to see these works, he must descend by one of these holes; he is first to put on a miner's coat over his clothes, and then being led to the mouth of the hole by a miner, who serves for a guide, the miner fastens a smaller rope to the larger one, and ties it about himself; he sits in this, and taking the stranger in his lap, he gives the sign to be let down. They are carried down a narrow and dark well to the depth of six hundred feet perpendicular; this is in reality an immense depth, but the terror and tediousness of the descent makes it appear to most people vastly more than it is. As soon as the miner touches the ground at the bottom, he slips out of the rope, and sets his companion upon his legs.

The place where they are set down here is perfectly dark, but the miner strikes fire, and lights a small lamp, by means of which (taking the stranger he has care of by the arm) he leads him through a number of strange passages and meanders, all descending lower and lower, till they come to certain ladders by which they descend an immense depth, and this through passages perfectly dark. The damp, cold, and darkness of these places, and the horror of being so many yards under ground, generally makes strangers heartily repent before they get thus far; but when at bottom they are well rewarded for their pains, by a sight that could never have been expected after so much horror. (*The conclusion in our next.*)

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALINIERE.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 410 of Vol. I.)

I INFORMED her of my determination, assuring her, at the same time, it was irrevocable. I confess, however, notwithstanding my certitude, at moments, of her hatred, I secretly flattered myself, that this declaration would astonish, and produce a most lively emotion in Julia; and it is certain, had I discovered the least signs of regret on her part, I should have cast myself at her feet, and abjured a resolution which pierced my very soul.

I was deceived in supposing myself hated; I was equally wrong in imagining my conduct could inspire even momentary love. Great minds are incapable of hatred; but a continued improper and bad conduct will produce indifference, as it did with Julia. I had lost her heart past recall. She heard me with tranquility, without surprize, and without emotion. My reputation, said she, is already injured, and this will confirm the unjust suspicions of the public; but if my presence is an obstacle to your happiness, I am ready to depart; my innocence is still my own, and I shall have sufficient strength to submit to my fate.

Cruel woman! cried I, shedding a torrent of tears, with what ease do you speak of parting!

Is it not your own proposal!

And is it not I who adore you, and you who hate me!

Of what benefit is your love to me; or of what injury is what you call my hatred to you?

I have made you unhappy; I am unjust, capricious, mad; and yet if you do hate me, Julia, your revenge is too severe; there is no misery can equal your hatred.

I do not hate you.

The manner in which she pronounced this, said so positively I do not love you, that I was transported beyond all bounds of patience; I became furious, yet the next instant, imagining I saw terror in the eyes of Julia, I fell at her feet. A tear, a sigh at that moment, had changed my future fate, but she still preserved her cold tranquility. I hastily got up, went to the door, and stopped. Farewell for ever! said I, half suffocated with passion. Julia turned pale, and rose as if to come to me; I advanced towards her, and she fell back into her chair, ready almost to faint. I interpreted this violent agitation, into terror. What, am I become a subject of horror! cried I; well, I will deliver you from this odious object. So saying, I darted from the chamber in an agony of despair.

My uncle was absent, I no longer had a friend, no one to advise or counteract the rashness of the moment. Distracted, totally beside myself, I ran to the parents of Julia, declared my intention, added, Julia herself was desirous of a separation, and that I would give back all her fortune.

They endeavoured to reason with me, but in vain; I informed them I should go directly into the country, where I should stay three days, and when I came back I expected to find myself alone in my own house. I next

wrote to Julia to inform her of my proceedings, and departed, as I had said I would, the same evening for the country.

My passions were too much agitated to let me perceive the extent of misery to which I condemned myself; and what seems now inconceivable was, that though I loved my wife dearer than ever, and was inwardly persuaded I might yet regain her affections, I found a kind of satisfaction in making our rupture thus ridiculously public. I never could have determined on a separation from Julia with that coolness and propriety which such things, when absolutely necessary, demand. I wanted to astonish, to agitate, to rouse her from her state of indifference, which, to me, was more dreadful even than her hatred. I flattered myself that, hearing me, she had doubted my sincerity, and supposed me incapable of finally parting from her.

I likewise imagined that event would rekindle in her heart all her former affection; and this hope alone was enough to confirm me in the execution of my project. I took pleasure in supposing her incertitude, astonishment, and distress: my fancy represented her when reading my letter; beheld her, conducted by her relations, pale and trembling, descend the stairs; saw her stop and sigh as she passed the door of my apartment, and weep as she stepped into the carriage.

I had left a trusty person at Paris, with orders to observe her as carefully as possible; to watch her, follow her, question her women, and inform me of all she said or did at this critical moment; but the relation was not long. Julia continued secluded in her chamber, received her friends without a witness, and departed by a private stair-case unseen of any one.

The same afternoon that she left my house she wrote me a note, which contained nearly these words.

"I have followed your orders, and departed from a place whither I shall always be ready to return, whenever your heart shall recall me. As to your proposal of giving back a fortune too considerable for my present situation, I dare expect as a proof of your esteem, it will not be insisted upon: so-to do is now the only remaining thing that can add to my uneasiness. Condescend, therefore, to accept the half of an income, which can give me no pleasure if you do not partake it with me."

This billet, which I washed with my tears, gave birth to a crowd of reflections. The contrast of behaviour between me and Julia forcibly struck me, and I saw by the effects how much affection, founded upon duty, is preferable to passion. I adore Julia, said I, and yet am become her tormentor; have determined to proceed even to a separation; she loved me without passion, and was constantly endeavouring to make me happy; ever ready to sacrifice her opinions, wishes and will and continually pardoning real offences, while I have been imputing to her imaginary ones; and, at last, when my excessive folly and injustice have lost her heart, her forgiveness and generosity have yet survived her tenderness, and she thinks and acts the most noble and affecting duties towards an object she once loved. Oh yes! I now perceive true affection to be that which reason approves, and virtue strengthens.

Overwhelmed by such reflections, the most bitter repentance widened every wound of my bleeding heart. I shuddered when I remembered the public manner in which I had put away my wife; and in this fearful state of mind, I had doubtless gone and cast myself at Julia's feet, acknowledged all my wrongs, and declared I could not live without her, had I not been prevented by scruples, which for once were but too well founded.

I had been a Prodigal and a Gamester, and, what was still worse, had a steward, who possessed in a superior degree the art of confusing his accounts, which indubitably proves such a person to want either honesty or capacity. Instead of at first discharging him, I only begged he would not trouble me with his bills and papers; which order with him needed no repetition, for it was not unintentionally he had been so obscure and diffuse.

About six months, however, before the period I at present speak of, he had several times demanded an audience, to shew me the declining state of my affairs. At the moment, this made little impression upon me; but after reading Julia's note it came into my mind, and before I could think of obtaining my pardon, I resolved to learn my real situation.

Unhappily for me, my conduct had been such that I had no right to depend on my wife's esteem; and, if ruined, how could I ask her to return and forget what was passed? Would not she ascribe that to interest, which love alone had inspired? The idea was insupportable, and I would rather even never behold Julia more, than be liable to be so suspected.

With such fears I returned hastily to Paris. But what were my sensations at entering a house which Julia no longer inhabited, and whence I myself had had the madness and folly to banish her! Attacked by a thousand afflicting thoughts, overwhelmed with grief and regret, I had one only hope, which was, that by economy and care I might again re-establish my affairs, and afterwards obtain forgiveness, and be reconciled to Julia.

I sent for my steward, and began by declaring, the first step I should take would be to return my wife's fortune. He seemed astonished at this, and wanted to dissuade me, by saying he did not think it possible I could make this restitution without absolute ruin being the consequence. I saw by this my affairs were even much worse than I had imagined.

The discovery threw me into the most dreadful despair; for to lose my fortune was, according to my principles, to lose Julia eternally.

Before I searched my situation to the bottom, I restored Julia's whole portion; I then paid my debts; and these affairs finished, I found myself so completely ruined, that, in order to live, I was obliged to purchase a trifling life-annuity, with what remained of a large fortune. My estates, horses, houses, all were sold, and I hired a small apartment near the Luxembourg, about three months after my separation from my wife. My Uncle was not rich; he had little to live on except a pension from the government, though he offered me assistance, which I refused.

Julia, in the mean time, had retired to a convent. On the very day I had quitted my house, I received a letter from her in the following terms:

"Since you have forced me to receive what you call mine, since you treat me like a stranger, I think myself justified in doing the same. When I left your house, the fear of offending you, in appearing to despise your gifts, occasioned me to take with me the diamonds and jewels which you had presented to me: it was your request, your command that I should do so, and I held obedience my duty. But since you shew me you will not act with the same delicacy, I have determined to part with these useless ornaments, which never were valuable but as coming from you. I found a favourable opportunity of selling them advantageously for twenty-four thousand livres (a thousand pounds sterling), which I have sent to your Attorney, as a sum I was indebted to you, and which you cannot oblige me to take back, since it is not mine.

"I have been in the convent of * * * for these two months past, where I intend to remain for some weeks at least, unless you take me hence.—We have a fine estate in Flanders; they say it is a charming country. Speak but a word, and I am ready to go with you, to live with you, to die with you." (To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
THE DEAD INFANT; OR, THE AGONIZING MOTHER.

"She snatch'd the hope of youth, the pride of age
"From the dark cerements of the shrouding sheet!"

"SPEAK, Menander, let thy mother once more hear the voice that was her last comfort—"She begged in vain, for Menander had closed his eyes in death, and with him had fled the only happiness that his widowed mother possessed. She had but a little while since bade farewell to another child, who had gone to that bourne from whence there is no return. And now must she lose the other—the thought was too much.—No one should part her from him.—"I will still keep him," said she, in the height of maniac rage, "if he will not speak to me I shall still behold him—I will still have my child."

A friend who willingly would have been the means of allaying her extreme sorrow, had taken the liberty, while the mother slept, of arraying the corpse in the dress suitable for interment, and removed it to the appointed place. The mother awoke—missed her child, and hastened to the church-yard.—It was not yet deposited in the earth.—In agony she tore the lid from the coffin—pressed him to her heart, and returned home.—She kissed him—kept him continually encircled in her arms—nor would she again be parted from him.

She offered part of the necessaries that were set before her to the insensate clay, nor did she eat because her son could not.—But nature could not long bear up against this torrent of grief.—She once more pressed him with redoubled force to her breast, again kissed his putrid cheek—and slept her final sleep.

L. B.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION.
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 415 of Vol. I.)

"YOUR features, dear Duke," she resumed after a long pause, "have no resemblance with those of this picture; and yet the originality of the face is so remarkable to me, that it would afford me the greatest pleasure, if you would give it me."

"If your Majesty should know how dear it is to me--"

"Well, that will enhance the value it has in my eyes. Whenever I shall look at the picture of the mother, I will remember the son. I will give you my picture, in lieu of it; will you resign it to me on that condition?"

I bowed respectfully, she opened a drawer, putting my picture in it, and took another out of it, which was adorned with jewels much more precious than that of my mother.

"Take it, Duke, and whenever you look at it, think that it is the picture of—a very unhappy woman." So saying, she gave me the picture.

The accent and the mien with which these words were pronounced, wounded my heart. I prostrated myself-- "How, amiable Queen, should you really be unhappy? and this pledge of your condescension should be to me a remembrancer of your misfortunes? O, name the source of your sorrows, and if the power of a mortal being can remove it, I will do it with pleasure, will attempt it even at the peril of my life!" So saying, I pressed my lips with vehemence on her hand.

"Rise! the interest which you take in my unhappiness renders me less unfortunate. It will not be in your power to make me happy, though I should be at liberty to unfold a mystery to you which never must be revealed. Rise, Duke!" She stooped to raise me up, her cheek touched my face, and a tremor of joy trembled through my frame. "Take courage!" I exclaimed, "though neither my power nor that of any man living should be able to render you happy, yet I know a person who possesses supernatural powers, and I flatter myself he will not refuse to grant my prayers. He shall make you happy, my Queen!"

She looked at me with weeping eyes, then up to heaven, and then again at me. "Your prayer," she said at length, "would be fruitless; for if an angel would descend from heaven to offer me his assistance, he could not restore me to happiness, while certain human laws and political relations are in force."--

I plainly perceived the dreadful struggles of her soul, and it would have been cruel to render her victory more difficult by farther persuasions.

I beheld with respectful silence the workings of her mind; however, she could not but observe that I adored her--her looks bespoke the grateful emotions of her heart.

"You have told me a few minutes ago, that your mother is no more," she began after a long pause. "I hope your father is yet alive?"

"I have little reason to think he is."

The Queen turned as pale as a corpse. "You doubt?" she stammered, "you doubt whether your father is alive?"

"A dangerous illness which has confined him to his bed, gives me reason to apprehend---but what is the matter with your Majesty?"

"Nothing---nothing at all---A dangerous illness did you say."

"So he has informed me sometime since, by a letter, and requested me, at the same time, to hasten to his arms, that he might see me once more before his death, and give me his blessing."

The Queen started up, and went to another part of the room, as if in search of something, but soon came back again:

"He wants to see you and you are here?"

"Before I received the letter of my father, I had promised to that Unknown of whom I have been speaking, that nothing should detain me from travelling to Fr**ce, and imploring your assistance in behalf of my unhappy country."

"Poor father!" said the Queen, absorbed in melancholy, "how anxiously will he have expected the arrival of his son—I fancy I see the dying Marquis, how he extends his arms in vain to receive the child of his love--" "Does your Majesty know my father?" I enquired hastily.

She gazed at me. "If I know him?---no!---yes---I saw him several times when at the court of my father---But why do you ask this question?"---Without giving me time to reply, she resumed, "Make haste! make haste, return to your native country; perhaps he is yet alive---the sight of you will animate him with new strength, he will recover in your arms, and perhaps be restored to health!" The last words she pronounced with a visible joyful emotion.

"Shall I leave your Majesty," I replied without having my prayer granted? Is my unhappy country to expect no assistance from a Queen whose sentiments are so sublime? Is the picture of the best of women to be to me a lasting mark of her favour and displeasure?"

She seemed to meditate. "It is true," she said at length, "we have entirely wandered from your concerns. Did you not tell me that you are haunted every where by an apparition? I too have seen an apparition some time ago. It was the ghost of my departed father, who, at midnight drew the curtains of my bed, and said 'I am very wretched my daughter! neither prayers nor masses will give me relief, while Por****l which we have usurped shall be submitted to the Sp****h sceptre. O! my daughter, if the least spark of filial love is left in thy bosom, if thou wilt relieve me from unspeakable torments, then make use of all thy interest at this court, in order to support the endeavours of those who, at present, are secretly occupied to deliver Por****l from

"her oppressors. A noble youth will arrive in a few days and implore thy assistance. He is sent from Heaven; grant his prayer. He has a mole on his left breast, which will be to thee a token of his mission."

I started up. "That youth stands before your Majesty," I exclaimed, uncovering my breast, "behold here the mole. O! relieve the suffering spirit of your father, relieve my country!"

She seemed to be in a trance, encircling me with her arms, and straining me to her bosom. "Thy prayer is granted!" she said in a faint accent.---No sooner had the last syllable escaped her lips, when the sound of a little bell was heard in the adjoining apartment. She disengaged herself from my neck and started back, "Gracious heaven!--" she exclaimed, pale and trembling, "the King is returned. Begone! for God's sake be gone!"

I was going to obey her command; she stopped me: "Never reveal a word of what has happened between ourselves," she whispered; "leave the palace and the kingdom as soon as possible: beware of the King, I conjure you!"

I prostrated myself and encircled her knees, shedding tears of anguish; wanted to take leave, but could not utter a single word. The bell in the adjoining apartment was rung a second time; the Queen disengaged herself seized with terror: "make haste!--flee!--O stay!" she exclaimed when I hastened to the door, "come back!" She opened her arms to receive me; I flew to her bosom; she imprinted three burning kisses on my lips, and hurried into an adjoining apartment.

I do not recollect how I got out of the room. On the staircase I observed first, that the same lady who had conducted me to the Queen was walking by my side. We returned the same way by which I had entered the palace, and I arrived happily at our hotel in the company of the Count.

After I had communicated to him my success, I went to my apartment in order to give audience to my thoughts; however I was not able to account for the behaviour of the Queen, and my feelings during the whole scene. Was it love that I felt for the Queen? certainly not; at least my sentiments for her were quite different from those I entertained for Amelia; was it mere esteem that endeared her so much to me? impossible!--My heart left me entirely in the dark with respect to that point, as well as my reason. It is true, one particular idea prevailed in my soul, however it appeared to me ridiculous, as soon as I reflected on other circumstances. The account which the Queen gave me of the apparition of the ghost of her father, completed my confusion. Was it the work of the *Unknown*, and did she really believe she had seen the ghost of her father? in that case the grant of my prayer was perhaps merely the consequence of her love for her father, whom she hoped to release thus from his sufferings; even her tears, embraces, and kisses, were then nothing else but means of alluring me to strain every nerve, in order to bring to a happy conclusion an undertaking, from the execution of which the eternal happiness of her father depended. But perhaps---and that, I thought,

was not less possible---has she only invented that apparition in order to prevent me from suspecting the real source of her willingness to grant my prayer, and her confidential and endearing deportment? Even the manner in which she mentioned the mole on my breast, appeared to me an artifice which she might have made use of, rather to assure herself of the identity of my person, than of my mission from above; and this supposition received an additional confirmation, by her singular behaviour, after the discovery.---Thus I was wandering in the mazy labyrinth of conjectures and doubts, till sleep stole upon me by degrees, and shut my heavy eyes.

We left P**is the following night, and directed our road to Sp**n as Hiermanfor had ordered.

I stopped a few days at **cia, a hundred miles from the frontiers of Fr**ce, in order to rest a little from the fatigues of my journey, and received from the bribed surgeon a letter from my father, who informed me he was in a fair way of recovery. This welcome intelligence animated me with new life, and dispelled the gloom which had overcast my mind. We continued our journey without delay, and arrived at ***pala, where we alighted at the principal hotel. The first object that attracted my attention, was a handsome well dressed man, whose features struck me at a great distance, because I fancied I knew them. He was engaged in conversation with a tall thin man, and did not observe me till I was close by him. My sudden appearance seemed to surprize him, and the sight of him produced the same effect upon me, for now I perceived that it was Palecki, Amelia's former valet. He approached me with evident marks of uneasiness, and welcomed me in broken accents. I ordered him to follow me to my apartment. The first question I put to him, was where Amelia resided, and how she was. Palecki lamented it was not in his power to give me the least information on that head. I enquired after the *Unknown*, and he assured me that he had not seen him since the last scene in the wood. "However," said I, "you still owe me an account of a dreadful accident concerning the *Unknown*, of which you pretended to have been informed on your pilgrimage." Palecki hesitated a few moments, and then promised to satisfy my curiosity the day following, being prevented by business of great importance from doing it on the spot. I dismissed him, with the injunction not to forget to come to my apartment in the evening of the next day. He promised it; however I waited in vain for him, for in his room a Capuchin friar came to my hotel, desiring to speak a few words to me in private. I ordered him to be admitted, and was told by him that Palecki had had a quarrel with some young men, who first had intoxicated and then provoked him, and that he had received some mortal wounds, by which he was confined to his bed at the hospital where he desired to see me, in order to disclose to me important secrets. The friar offered to conduct me to the hospital, and I drove thither in anxious expectation.

When I alighted at the gate of the hospital, I met Count Clairval. He seemed to be petrified when he saw me in the company of the friar. "Whither are you go-

"ing?" he enquired at length. "To Palefki, who is on 'the brink of eternity.'" The Count changed colour, and whispered in my ear: "Don't go, the fellow is infected with a contagious disease."—"You are mistaken (was my answer) he has been wounded dangerously, as his confessor tells me." "I have just come from him," the Count resumed with visible uneasiness, "the fever has deranged his head, and he will tell you a number of foolish things." "No matter," I replied, "I must see him, for he has sent me word that he has important discoveries to make." "What can he discover to you?" said the Count, "Palefki has ever been an impostor." "This will render his confession on the brink of eternity so much the more remarkable. But I must not lose a moment. Farewell, Count, till I see you again!" So saying, I tore myself from him, and hastened with the friar to Palefki's apartment. When the nurse had left the room, the former said: "you need but ring the bell, if you should want me, I shall be within hearing."—With these words he went out of the room. Palefki stared at me for some time. The livid colour of death covered his haggard countenance, and the most agonizing anguish of a tormented conscience was strongly painted on his looks. "My Lord!" he at length began, "I owe you a thousand thanks for your condemnation; I should undoubtedly have fallen a sacrifice to black despair, if you had refused to give me an opportunity to unfold mysteries to you which lie heavy on my mind.

I took a seat close by the bed, seized with dreadful bodilings.

(To be continued.)

A remarkable account of two Brothers, extracted from Linschoten's Voyages.

IN the sixteenth century, the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa. There were no less than twelve hundred souls on board one of these vessels. The beginning of their voyage was prosperous; they had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and were steering their course North-east, to the great continent of India, when some Gentlemen on board who having studied Geography and Navigation, found in the latitude they were then in, a large ridge of rocks laid down in their Sea-charts. They no sooner made this discovery, than they acquainted the Captain of the ship with it, desiring him to communicate the same to the pilot, which request he immediately granted, recommending him to lay by in the night, and slacken sail in the day, until they should be past the danger. It is a custom among the Portuguese absolutely to commit the navigation, or sailing part of the vessel to the Pilot, who is answerable with his head for the safe-conduct or carriage of the King's ships, or those that belong to private traders; and is under no manner of direction from the Captain, who commands in every other respect. The Pilot being a self sufficient man, took it as an affront to be taught his art, and instead of complying with the captain's

request, actually crowded more sail. They had not sailed many hours, before the ship struck upon a rock. In this distress the Captain ordered the pinnace to be launched, into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, and some boxes of marmalade, he jumped in himself with nineteen others, who with their swords prevented the coming in of any more, lest the boat should sink. In this condition they put off in the great Indian ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water, but what might happen to fall from the heavens, whose mercy alone could deliver them.

After they had rowed to and fro for four days the captain died: this added, if possible, to their misery, for as they now fell into confusion, every one would govern and none would obey. This obliged them to elect one of their company to command them, whose orders they implicitly agreed to follow. This person proposed to draw lots, and to cast every fourth man overboard; as their small stock of provision was not sufficient to sustain life above three days longer. They were now nineteen persons in all; in this number were a friar and a carpenter, both of whom they would exempt, as one was useful to absolve and comfort them in their last extremity, and the other to repair the pinnace, in case of a leak or other accident. The same compliment they paid to their new captain, he being the odd man, and his life of much consequence. He refused their indulgence a great while; but at last they obliged him to acquiesce, so that there were four to die out of sixteen.

The three first, after having confessed and received absolution submitted to their fate. The fourth was a Portuguese gentleman that had a younger brother in the boat, who seeing him about to be thrown overboard most tenderly embraced him, and with tears in his eyes besought him to let him die in his room, telling him that he had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters: that as for himself he was single, and his life of no great importance: he therefore conjured him to suffer him to supply his place. The elder brother astonished with this generosity, replied, That since the divine Providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked to permit any other to die for him; especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged. The younger would take no denial; but throwing himself on his knees held his brother so fast that the company could not disengage them. Thus they disputed for awhile, the elder brother bidding him be a father to his children, and recommended his wife to his protection, and as he would inherit his estate, to take care of their common sisters; but all he said could not make the younger desist. At last the elder brother acquiesced, and suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer, soon got to the stern of the pinnace and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand, which being perceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with his sword: then dropping into the sea, he frequently caught hold again with his left, which received the same fate. Thus dismembered of both hands, he made a shift to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps, which he held bleeding upwards.

This spectacle so raised the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, he is but one man! let us endeavour to save his life! and he was accordingly taken into the boat; where he had his stumps bound up as well as the place and circumstances would permit. They rowed all that night, and the next morning, when the sun rose, as if heaven would reward the piety and gallantry of this young man, they descried land, which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique in Africa, not far from a Portuguese colony. There they all safely arrived, where they remained until the next ship from Lisbon passed by and carried them to Goa.

At that city, *Linschoten*, a writer of good credit, assured us, that he himself saw them land, supped with the two brothers that very night, beheld the younger with his stumps, and had the story from their mouths, as well as from the rest of the company.

SENTIMENTAL PERFUMERY.

A SENTIMENTAL Perfumer recommends it to the fine ladies, to furnish their toilets with the following articles:

Self knowledge:—A mirror, shewing the full shape in the truest light.

Innocence:—A white paint, which will stand for a considerable time, if not abused.

Modesty:—Very best rouge, giving a becoming bloom to the cheek.

Contentment:—An infallible smoother of wrinkles in the face.

Truth:—A salve, rendering the lips soft and peculiarly graceful.

Good humour:—An universal beautifier.

Mildness:—Giving a tincture to the voice.

Tears of Pity:—A water, that gives lustre and brightness to the eye.

N. B. The constant use of these articles cannot fail rendering them quite agreeable to the sensible and deserving part of mankind.

CURIOUS PROPOSITION OF A DÉBTOR TO HIS CREDITOR.

(From a London Paper.)

A DÉBTOR in the Fleet prison, lately sent to his creditor, to let him know that he had a proposal to make which he believed would be for their mutual benefit; accordingly the creditor called on him to hear it. "I have," said he, "been thinking that it is a very idle thing for me to be here and put you to the expence of seven groats a week; my being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness; and God knows what it may cost you in the end; therefore what I would propose is this, you shall set me out of prison, and instead of seven groats, you shall only allow me eighteen pence a week and the other ten pence shall go towards the discharge of the debt."

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, DAVID HUNT, Esq. of West-Chester, to the Widow COOPER of Fish-Kills.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From June 26th to July 2d.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the weather.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8 1 6.	8. 1. 6.
JUNE 26	79	84	82	sw. w. do.	clear light wind.
27	75	80	75	n. n. w. sw.	clear do. do.
28	73	75	79	sw. do. do.	clear do. cloudy.
29	81	50	83	w. n. w. do.	rain thund. and lightn.
30	70		79	n. do. do.	clear do. do.
JULY 1	69	50	81	n. w. w. do.	clear do. do.
2	72		82	n. w. w. sw.	clear do. do.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

For June 1796.

Mean temperature of the thermometer	at 8 A. M.	deg. 100
Do. do. of the do.	at 1 P. M.	71 37
Do. do. of the do.	at 6 P. M.	73 97
Do. do. of the whole month		68 74
Greatest monthly range between the 12th and 26th		71 6
Do. do. in 24 hours the 3d		25 25
Warmest day the 26		9 50
Coldest do. the 12		84
10 Days it rained. A large quantity has fallen this month.		59 50
15 do. it was clear at 8 1 and 6 o'clock.		
6 do. it was cloudy at do. do.		
28 do. the wind was light at do.		
16 do. the wind was to the westward of north and south.		
3 times it thundered and lightened in this month.		

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND VIRTUOUS.

IN days of old, historians write,
There liv'd a maid of wond'rous charms,
Whose very name would oft invite
And pre-engage the heart that warms.
The gods of yore did try each suit
To win this all-alluring fair;
But neither men nor gods could do't,
She listen'd callous to their pray'r.

In modern days we too are blest
With Nature's best, completest art,
Her breast is with the virtues drest,
And dignity exalts her heart.
If gods cou'd once more live again,
And eye the Clara of our day,
Their very souls would burst with pain,
And sigh alas! for death's decay.

Ye virtuous youth who search for worth,
And look with hate on idle mirth,
Direct your steps where Clara lives,
And you may get what virtue gives.

LUCIUS.

PINE-STREET, June 28th, 1796.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AN EPISTLE FROM OCTAVIA TO ANTHONY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MATILDA.

WHILE Anthony without the chance of arms,
 Contemn'd by all, and lost to glory's charms,
 A woman's signal leads across the wave,
 To share the just derision of the brave:
 I shudder at thy weakness and thy shame,
 The price a worthless mistress pays thy flame;
 Now Rome disowns thee—blushes to have borne
 The power of him who fills the world with scorn;
 O hero still belov'd, ere quite undone,
 Recall the palms thy youthful valour won;
 Recall those times, those actions, that applause,
 That join'd the senate people in thy cause,
 When Rome in Caesar's friend beheld him live,
 And emulation all his worth revive.
 Then judge, unhappy, of thy heart's estate,
 Thyself avenging Brutus' hapless fate;
 Betray'd by female arts to boast a flame,
 That leads to thy misfortune and thy shame;
 'Tis she that stifles all the warrior's glow,
 And tears the fading laurel from thy brow.
 O husband mid thy weakness, still too dear,
 Are such the actions of a love sincere;
 Grant but these lines with true affection fraught,
 The calm indulgence of unbias'd thought;
 Does not remorse, even in some tender hour,
 O'er thy fond soul extend her chilling power;
 How oft do Rome and sad Octavia rise,
 And glance reproaches to thy mental eyes;
 Ah if 'tis so, and thy repeatant soul
 Has felt the salutary griefs controul,
 Permit, at length permit this trembling hand,
 To mention honour's claim and love's demand;
 And if some crime thy just aversion draws,
 Tell, only cruel, tell the hapless cause.

My brother all prepar'd, assum'd his arms,
 When war between you kindled fierce alarms;
 To reunite two heroes then became
 Of me, the glorious and successful aim;
 Your jarring interests in one point to blend,
 And change each stern opponent to a friend;
 Our marriage made—I hop'd to ratify
 Your union, and confirm the mutual tie.
 Th'Egyptian queen, her love, your weakness prov'd,
 No apprehensions in my bosom mov'd.
 Ev'n Cleopatra secretly defy'd,
 I hop'd to humble guilty beauty's pride,
 And wish'd in loving thee, th' exalted fate,
 To punish her, and greatly serve the state.
 Rome fought, applauding, from my eyes to raise,
 The pleasing prospect of serener days;
 These glorious aims inflam'd my ardent breast,
 And tender prepossession did the rest.
 That happy day on which thy faith was giv'n,
 Bestow'd dear Anthony, the joys of heaven!
 What pomp, great Gods! and with what transport join'd
 To sway the lords of Rome, and of mankind;
 I dissipated rage and banish'd art,
 And rul'd a brother's and a husband's heart.

Extinguish'd in her breast discordant hate,
 And reign'd the sovereign of the Roman state.
 A pardonable pride I dare confess,
 That generous pride that only knows to bless;
 The love of Cleopatra, her alarms,
 Augmented both my triumphs and my charms.
 The conqueror crown'd his conquest with repose,
 And own'd the laws affection dar'd impose.
 With war and with Octavia shar'd his life,
 Augustus rivall'd and ador'd his wife.

What did I say—That Rome which saw thee yield,
 Was not to shew me a sufficient field,
 Thou would'st, thy soul's supreme content to prove,
 Teach all mankind thy happiness and love;
 To admire Octavia ev'ry eye must join,
 And render her more fair and dear to thine.

O days of splendour pass'd on Athen's plains,
 Where all things seem'd but to cement our chains,
 That race by Mars and Pallas jointly crown'd,
 Who arts diffuse to all the world around.
 Witness'd my happiness so pure serene,
 And press'd each day to ornament the scene.
 Mild in my arms repos'd the warrior's art,
 Thy face expressive of thy tranquil heart;
 No more proclaim'd a victor's pride you knew,
 And peaceful virtue gain'd your valour's due;
 That Athens, Rome, with envy view'd before,
 A Roman countenance embellish'd more.

*(To be concluded in our next.)**For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.*

PITY.

COME, gentle pity, sooth my breast,
 Pity, thou attribute divine,
 Come softly lull my heart to rest,
 And with my tears O mingle thine.
 How sweet is sympathizing grief,
 How grateful to the breast of woe,
 From sorrow's pangs we find relief
 In tears that from sweet pity flow.
 Thus fighting to the passing gale,
 Or wand'ring o'er the rugged steep,
 Oft have I told my mournful tale,
 And wept my sorrows in the deep.
 Few are my days, yet full of pain
 I sorrowing tread life's devious way,
 No hopes my weary steps sustain,
 My grief, alas! finds no allay.
 See yonder rose that withering lies,
 Lost are the beauties of its form,
 Torn from its soft'ring stem it dies,
 A victim to the ruthless storm.
 How fair it shone at early morn,
 How lovely deck'd in verdant pride,
 I blush'd luxuriant on the thorn,
 And shed its sweets on ev'ry side.
 How fair the morning of my day,
 Now chang'd, alas! to horrid gloom,
 My joys are fled, far, far away,
 And buried lie in Anna's tomb.

New-York, June 28, 1796.

C. S. Q.

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